he Pirst Vist in the Gray of Morning-A Congregation of Two-Beath and Mar-riage in Trinity-The Cheristers.

Old Trinity, the parish church of the richest scopal parish in America, is probably better to more persons than any other house of worship on the continent. Standing at the head of Wall street and occupying one of the picest blocks in one of the busiest spots in New York, it is passed and repassed daily by hundreds of thousands of men. Every promment foreigner who has visited this city within the past forty years has admired the beauty of amite probably does not live who has not heard the peal of its chimes. Hundreds of brokers and bankers go to and leave their daily vocations by the hands on its steeple dial, and appointments are hourly made under the shadow at its spire and by the striking of its bells which wolve the gain or loss of millions of dollars. by hundreds of men who have never been within tta walls,

To some its solemn and impressive Sunday pervices are known by the perusal of the daily papers; a few have witnessed them; but to the vast majority old Trinity is merely a landmark, its great clock a regulator of waches, and its ices a myth, which neither their curiosity nor their inclination has prompted them to in-Postigate. To these the gate at the side of the main entrance on Broadway and the open door beyond mean no more than the marble headstones of the long-forgotten dead in the parish kirkyard-nor half so much.

It is early Friday morning-that is, early for lower Broadway, whose day is always several hours behind the dawn of the up-town dayand the cold wind seems even colder than usual as it sweeps up from the bay, unbroken by the growd that throngs the thoroughfare during the busy noonday hours. The bell in the tall spire has just telled out the hour of 6, when the faint glimmer of a light is seen through the stained-glass windows of the church. church day is about to dawn. A few minutes later one of Sexton Browne's sturdy assistants unlocks the side doors and proceeds to throw open the gate in the iron fence which protects the burial ground from the public trend.
What he is opening the church for at this un-

seemly hour appears to be a puzzle to an un-kempt youth, red-faced with the cold, who huffles northward from his breezy lodging blace in a Washington street alleyway. He stops and gazes with amazement at the open door. When the sexton's helper retires, the lad slides into the vestibule and seeks scotter, warmth, and repose in a pew in the darkest corner of the building. He is the first visitor of the day. Whatever may be the cause of this early opening, it matters little to him. It is enough for him to know that it is open and that he can find in the bloned nook he has crept into that comfort which the outer world has denied to him.

The sexton's deputy soon reappears from the elergy room carrying a long taper in his hand, and the marble altar is dimly visible by the light of a few gas jets. The statues in their niches against the wail have almost a ghostly look in the flickering light, and the pulpft in the forground stands out like a huge, black, spectral fan. Our friend, the stowaway, is not destined to be the sole observer of this scene. A step is heard on the threshold, and an old man passes up the broad centre alsie and takes his place in one of the front bews. He is the janior of a neighboring office building, and he frequently attends the 7 o'clock service. Before he is sented the sound of another footstep cohes, through the empty building, and a market woman from Washington street joins alm in a neighboring pow. elergy room carrying a long taper in his hand,

im in a neighboring pew.

If the morning were not so stormy the congregation would be larger. But be it large or small the service is invariably the same. At 7 colook punctually the door of the elergy rom opens and a white-robed priest enters the pens and a white-roused priest enters the nancel and takes his place at the reading sak. The Rev. Joseph W. Hill is a slender, sholarly looking man with a sweet-toned cice, and one almost forzots the bareness of the scene as the opening sentences of the torning service break the silence. The salter, which sounds like a broken sollioquy, o fairs are the responses, is read with as much

merning service break the silence. The peaker, which sounds like a broken solitoquy, of faint are the responses, is read with as much ferves, and the prayers are reclied with as much motion, as though the clergyman were in the presence of the thousand worshippers it the Sunday morning congregation.

After the close of the morning prayers the manual of the summation is administered and it has grown to be nearly 8 o'clock before the minister has described the Host upon the alter and left the chancel for the robing room. The congregation have hardly had time to raise their heads from the new backs before their number is doubled. Two men, whose dress indicates a residence and occupation on the water front, are rapidly making their way toward the clergy-room door. They do not kneed in a new. They have not come to worship. Their errand is of a far different nature. Their knock on the closed door is quickly answered. Mr. Hill to the losed of the clergy in an stops in his occupation and faces his visitors.

The clerky ian stops in his occupation and faces his visitors.

"I h! good morning. Patrick. I missed Mrs. Riley this morning."

"I he sared I am, sorr, that yo'll miss her more ivery mornin 'that ye live."

"What's the matter. Patrick? Has anything men wrong at home?"

"Bhe's dead. sorr. She died this mornin' jist ather the clock struck wan."

"This is terrible. Tell me how it happened. There, don't cry. She is better off than we are. Now sit down here and tell me all about it. Bbe couldn't have been sick long, for I saw her only last week."

Some at John how on house model on the promoted by the property of the propert only last week."
It is a short story the man tells. His wife

soon," replies Mr. Hill to her recital of her scon." replies Mr. Hill to her recital of her charges poverty.

They have enough to eat." continues the lady. "I didn't call on that account, but I want some place for their oldest boy. He is 16 years eld, and I am certain he is honest. He has been working in a warehouse, but he was discharged last month through no fault of his, and can't find any work. He has been going to night school, and he is fitted for office work. Won't you help him?"

Mr. Hill promises such aid as he can give, and the lady gives place to a poor woman who stands timidly on the threshold, a large basket on her arm.

on her arm.
"What brings you here so early to-day,
Bridget?" asks the minister.
"It's 5 immy, sir."
"What Jimmy, sagain?"

y, sir." amy again?" (This with a flood of tears.)

"What. Jimmy again?"
"Yes, sir." (This with a flood of tears.)
"Yes, sir." (This with a flood of tears.)
"Yes, sir." (This with a flood of tears.)
"He s in the Tembs, sir."
"Stealing again?"
"Yes, sir. What shall I do with him? He's breaking his mether's heart.
"Mr. Hill promises to look after his case and see what can be done to prevent the young reprobate, who is a graduate from the parish school, from continuing in his evil ways.

By this time there are other visitors. An old man who wants money is sent to the parish agent to have his claim upon parochial charity investigated. A mother, who has brought her two children with her, is directed to the parish school, where the little ones may be admitted as pupils. A sewing girl, who has lost a part of her wages through the dishonesty of her employer, finds in the ciercyman a kindly friend and wise advices. She carries nway with her a mere substantial token of his kindness than mere advice, and Mr. Hill's wallet is somewhat lighter by reason of her visit. It is nearly 10 o'clock before the last caller is dismissed, and Mr. Hill leaves the office for his outdoor parochial work.

chial work.

It is now the beginning of the visiting day in the church. Broadway is busy with life, and the stream of inquisitive strangers is about to rour through the open door. One of the assistant excines is stiting in his office near the frontentrance, ready to answer inquiries and transaction business as comes within his pravasce, the business as comes within his pravasce, the the man who accompanies him is not the former has brough himselved to take him not on the previous of the former has brough himselved to take him not one can ascend the steeple without a written nermit from Dr. Dix. the rector. The city man expostalates but without avail. The sexton has been ordered to admit no one, and he cannot be turned from his purpose. While they are taking the sexton spies two men who have just seated themsolves in a roar pew, and are reading their papers. They are promptly notified that the church is not a reading room, and they leave in dispust. Other visitors take their places, and spend a few minutes in rest anceled to the Astor by others, in meneral disentation to get a closer view of the marble slate or setel by the Astor by others, in meneral content of the places, and spend a few minutes in reading the willing like the consecration implied in the white bonnet of the nun. Children's faces crowd the earning will downlows. lovely as seraph or chorub crowned with lilies and jasmine.

Here is a constant recurrence in mind to the court of Solomon and the Old Testament women. Could we lift the draperies which shadow the sanctuary we might find childless women mourning over their curse, and young mothers exulting. like Leach, at the birth of Reuben, when she suys: "Now, therefore, my husband will love me." Vashit and Queen Estier after her may enjoy a transient season, but the mother of the father will be some the proper of the proper will be some the p

are: 300 cooks, 400 inusicians, 200 men in charge of menageries and aviaries, 1,200 female slaves. Properly speaking, there is no civil ist, and accurate figures are not easily reached. The ladies, veiled and attended, visit in their walled gardens and palaces, hired musicians play on lutes, and almens dance for their amusement. Donizett, brother of the famous composer, was at one time director-in-chlef of the Bultan's music. Story telling is in favor, and a good reciter is in high request. Happy the Scherezade who knows the tales of the genil and can amuse the Caliph who has gone through all the pleasures described by the singing king at Bethielem: "And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them: I withheld not my heart from any joy."

BELOW THE BLIZZARD LINE

INTO THE WILDERNESS.

ADIRONDACK CALM THREATENED BY RAILROADING AND MINING. veries of Iron Ore Make Some Capitallete Plan to Lay Tracks Through the Woods-Possibly Sad News for Sportsmen.

A new scheme to open up sources of wealth in this State will probably be put through next spring. It is backed by a syndicate of capitalists, most of whom are directors in the Fitchburg Railroad. They mean to break into and forever ruin, from an sesthetic point of view, the most glorious section of the Empire State. Where until now bruin and the wild-eyed deer have held supreme sway will be heard the clangor and the clash of the forge and the foundry. Several years ago some prospectors, who were summering in the northern Adirondacks, discovered a deposit of iron ore at Dannemora. which is a settlement between Plattsburgh and Chary Lake. They investigated, and came to the conclusion that they had struck it rich. Only one obstacle stood between them and the means of becoming rich at one bound, but that seemed insurmountable. The ore was there, but there was no means of getting it away. It was deep down in the mountain, and to reach it and get it to the market it would be necessary to build a railroad up the mountain side; the outlay would be enormous, and these men could not influence sufficient capital. Many of

the wealthy persons to whom they applied laughed at them. "Why," they said, "everybody knows that there is iron ore in the Adirondack Mountains, but the most of it wouldn't pay to dig out. It isn't the right kind."

The prospectors were about to give up in despair, when the Logislature unwittingly stepped in and helped them out of their dilemma. Clinton Prison is only a short distance from Dannemora and convicts are employed there. The State, in order to make their labor profitable, built a railroad. This was a stroke of luck hardly to be expected, but its real importance lay in the fact that it gave an opportunity to test fairly the value of the iron ore deposit. The prospectors went ahead, organized a company, and soon had works in operation. The ore turned out to be a magnetic iron of great value, and the veins are deep and broad. The investors made a mint of money, and the company has built new railroads and has branched out into new fields of enterprise. This demonstration that the iron ore found in the Adirondacks was really valuable, set other capitalists to investigating. They found abundant proof of the existence of the ore in quantities which would make it pay, but the same obstruction which had threatened to destroy the plans of the Dannemora men was found everywhere. Large deposits of a fine quality of ore would be located in the midst of an almost virgin forest, the nearest hamles being miles away, and the only communication with the outer world being obtained by the aid of a stage or buckboard; or in the heart of the mountain, where it would be difficult to bring even the supplies for the workmen.

Most of the investors concluded that it would be sheer foily, a flying in the face of Providence, to sink their good ahekels in any such wildcat ventures. They sighed as they locked at the valuable metal, exposed to view at their feet, and went home. But a few more enthusiastic individuals did not lock upon the getting to market as so impracticable, and started in here and there, full of grit and determination and with a kind of blind trust in luck to help them out of their difficulties. One by one they succumbed, and the ruins of their schemes stand out in ghastly relief in many otherwise beautiful spots in the mountains. These places are called "deserted villages" by the naives beautiful spots in the mountains. The se places are rapidly f

iron was there, and in most instances it was of a superior quality.

About a year ago the Boston capitalists, to whom reference has been made, studied the situation, and concluded that it would pay to master the difficulties. They found that it would be an easy matter to build a railroad right through the heart of the Adirondacks up to the Canada line. Branches from this railroad could be built, without undue expense, to any mining camps that were of sufficient size to warrant them. In that way the whole wealth of the region would be opened up to investors who could make double profits by combining an interest in the ore with their interest in the railroad that secured the freight.

At the same time they could secure the crops of Canadian farmers at the point where the railroad touched Canada. Up to this time there had practically been no good market for these crops and the farmers had complained loudly and long. The capitalists interested in the scheme intended to work as many irons at one time as they possibly could, and, while keeping the main object of getting the iron in view, they also determined to make what they could by competing with the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Railroad for passenger and freight traffic. When the plan of the new route was laid out, this idea was not forgotten.

The proposed route is a much shorter one to the resorts in the mountains than via the Delaware and Hudson. This latter road has held so far a practical monopoly of the summer travel to all the resorts east of the big woods. The new road will be a big blow to it. The first place where they will come in actual competition will be on the way from Troy to Saratogs. The Delaware and Hudson Canal route is roundabout there, and its competitor is going to try and shut off its wind by building a direct road between these two points which will be ton miles aborter.

The new road will connect with the Fitchburg Hallroad at Troy, which will give it an entrance into Boston, and probably, also, with some New York railroad at Alba

primeval forests of the North, and lovers of sport will undoubtedly feel sad at the extinction of all game which will follow the opening up of the mountains to railroads and forges and foundries.

The State owns a comparalively small amount of land in this section. What remains in its possession losses much of its value by being in small strips here and there. Even the 40,000 acres near Beade's, which have been purchased by private parties, will lose some of their charm when they are surrounded by grimy mining camps.

The success of the scheme will doom the Adirondacks as a summer resort. The arrangements have, however, been already completed, and the stock is all subscribed for. All that remains is the laying of the rails where they have not been laid already, and the road is to be in operation next summer. Although the names of the incorporators have not been made public, it is known that they are identical with the backers of the Flichburg Railroad. The title of the new road is said to be the Troy, Baratoga and Northern Railroad.

PUT OFF THE TRAIN.

Paguacions Drammer Gives the Court s Chance to Say When, Where, and How's Man Can be Bounced from a Railroad Car

See the second section of the second section

GREAT IS NATURAL GAS.

SOME OF THE TRANSFORMATIONS IT HAS EFFECTED IN THE WEST. Human Indicator, the Back of Whose Neck Goes Into Spaims Whenever he Passes Over a Gas Well-Great Cities that are Reaching Out for the Cheap Fuel.

Natural gas furnishes all the stimulant that northern Ohio and Indiana need. It is a wonder that the temperance societies in those strongholds have not worked the vein themselves, so absorbing and satisfying are its effects. People live and breathe in a rarefled air of exultation. They walk on enchanted ground, Uncertainty united to unlimited possibilities, which, in one way or another, may affect all members of society, keep up the exhilaration. There is no foot of ground that may not be the spot. A few dellars chipped in to buy a drill by an errand boy may turn into a fortune uplifted by a "gusher." Such things have hap pened all about-at Findley, Cygnet, Mont-

in the town which doubles him up and makes him dance, may be a gusher will be found to wipe out the pipe line stock in an hour.

Indianapolis has also its troubles. It is off the gas belt and desires to pipe gas from Noblesville. There is in fact a Consumers Natural Gas Company, with stock at \$25 a share, of which ex-Gov. Porter is one of the trustees. But the town finds two active ensmiss—one, the Gas Company of Indianapolis; the other, the Standard Oil Company, which kindly desires to attend to Indianapolis's needs. This the city declined, and it is alleged that the Standard Oil Company has leased ground entirely enclosing the city, and refuses to allow gas to be piped over its territory.

The Standard Oil Company is in fact the terror of all the gas and oil producing district, Its emisaries have for some time been quietly buying up, leasing, and taking options on land in every direction. It has large possessions on the Cygnet fields. Its tanks are erected at Lima. It owns 100 of 125 wells in Pennsylvania. It has leased 150 out of 400 wells. It threatens and chokes on every side. It is pitiful to see the new combinations, full of hope and enthusiasm, not rise up to combat it, but to hold their own, to wrest something out of this sudden prosperity, and to see them quickly and effectually stifled. Thus every benefit brings its mains and estew exceed all

and enthusiasm, not rise up to combat it, but to hold their own, to wrest something out of this sudden prosperity, and to see them quickly and effectually stifled. Thus every benefit brings its "maintenance" and stew exceed all others. In the first place, Chicago is engaged in a grand tussle with the Gas Trust Lighting Company. Fuel gas is now necessary to manufacturers. No city in that part of the country can hope for anything further without it. It can be obtained in three ways, First, by natural gas on the spot, and Chicago is busy boring, and finding floating marsh gas. Or it can be piped from 70 miles south, or from Muncle, 150 miles distant. The estimate from the latter place is that 400,000,000 feet can be piped for a cost of 4% cents per 1,000 feet. The third possibility is the manufacture of fuel gas from coal, which it is believed can be furnished for 15 cents per 1,000 feet.

Pittsburgh furnishes the basis for all estimates, authentic and commercial. It has put off its souty robe. It is light, airy, comparatively clean and livable. Within a distance of from 6 to 35 miles there are 280 wells bored at a cost of from 300 to \$6,000 each. The initial pressure carries the gas 30 miles; 500,000,000,000 feet are sent each day, as freely as water, for 3 cents per 1,000 feet. The annual saving to the city is \$6,000,000. The saving in labor amounts to 5,000 men. During the year 600,000 tons of gas and water pipes were produced. Plumbers bills for connecting gas mains with houses amounted to \$1,500,000. Real estate increased 25 per cent. It is impossible to compete in manufactures with any place holding such an advantage. Other cities are alarmed.

In addition to \$10,000,000 invested in natural gas, with twenty-five years supply in sight, Pittsburgh has invested \$10,000,000 more in experiments with fuel gas from coal, looking far into the future. Formerly four feet of gas was the utmost that could be produced from a hound of coal. This is obtained by what is called the successive process, which produces fuel gas

CYCLONES OF TOOTHPICKS.

Toothpick Trust Results in the Invention a Machine that Makes 6,000,000 a Day From the Lewiston Journal.

From the Lewiston Journal.

As he stood beside a little machine that was sending out a perfect cyclone of toothpicks, some 10,000 of them a minute, Mr. E. T. Edgecomb, the title member of the firm, related his experience in the toothpick business:

"I was formerly a mechanical expert in the employ of the Haverhold Machine Company. I was with that concern a number of years, mastering many details and ideas about machinery, for which I hold a most decided taste. In fact, it is my hobby. A few years ago I left my position with the Haverhold Company and went to Mechanic Falls, where I formed a machine company. Later I went into the toothpick business with Mr. Harry D. Creighton of Philadelphia as my pastner. We succeeded pretty well in our venture, till all of a sudden we found that the toothpick combination had frozen us out. This combination practically controlled all the toothpick business of the United States, and when it refused to supply us with toothpicks we found curselves in a bad position. We had a large number of orders to fill, and not a pick to fill them with. In this extremity I went to work to get up a toothpick machine of my own, and you see the result of my labor before you. This machine manufactures about as good picks as there are in the market."

He took up a handful of picks from the bin into which they were being poured from the

factures about six million picks per day, and they are about as good picks as there are in the market."

He took up a handful of picks from the bin into which they were being poured from the mouth of the machine, and handed one to the reporter for examination. They are the flat pick with the ends sharpened off like a chiesl, very good picks indeed the reporter thought, and his view is evidently the public mind, to judge from the fact that the Edgecomb factory has orders ahead for its entire production of the next five years.

"Don't you make the picks that are pointed at both ends?"

"No, we do not at present. We are perfecting plans to go into that style of pick in the spring. We are now at work on a touthpick machine, the capacity of which will be 120,000 per minute, or 72,000,000 per day.

"Well, to go back a little to the time when we began to manufacture for ourselves. As scon as the toothpick combination found that we were able to supply our customers with as good a pick as could be had, and that we had a machine that would do three times as much work as their own, which turn out about three thousand picks per minute, they decided to do more than ever to drive us out of the business.

"We were not to be driven, but on the contrary kept forging ahead all the time, till finally they concluded that we were not to be conquered, so they invited us into their combination. We refused to go. We saw no use for combinations. Our goods stand on their own merits and we find a ready market for them.

"But you wished to know how a toothpick was made. Well, let's begin at the first stage of the process.

"But you wished to know how a toothpick was made. Well, let's begin at the first stage of the process.

"The wood we use is birch and maple. It must be green, clear, and straight grained. We get it from all along the line of the Maine Central. It comes in four-foot logs, which we saw into six and a quarter inch pleees. These are put into barrels in the steaming room, where they remain for about three hours, coming out as soft as leather."

He pleked up a pleee of thin veneer and exhibited its pliability by twisting it carelessly in the way one would a strip of ribbon.

"The charging of the wood with steam drives out all the sap, and then it is ready for the veneer machine, the bark having been removed. Here is the veneer machine in operation." and he indicated a piece of mechanism much like a lathe, similar to the veneer machine used in wooden box factories. The blocks are placed in this instrument and out comes two long serpents of veneer, or ribbons of wood, the grain running across the strips, which are allowed to saulrm around on the floor till after the operation is complete.

"They are then wound up on large spools, each spool carrying about a hundred feet or so of veneer. The reels are the ammunition with which the toothpick machine is loaded. The end of the veneer is placed in the Gatling-gun-like apparatus, and shoot out at the muzzie in a scattering volley. A small boy picks them up into drying boxes, with wire bottoms. They are placed on a hot-sir draught, fanned by a blower, and in twenty minutes they are they are paced on a hot-sir draught, fanned by a blower, and in twenty minutes they are dry as a bone.

"In the boxing room a half-dozen gris stand at tables and put up about five cases a day, loo boxes in a case, for which they are paid eighteen cents a case. The work is not hard, and an expert can make good wages."

ABOUT THE AUSTRO-GERMAN ARMY.

In the Event of War the Emperor of Austria Will be Chief, but Meltke and the Ger-mans will be the Real Generals-Meltke's Plan of War all Prepared,

Molike's Plan of War all Prepared.

From the London Sunday Times.

RERLIN, Feb. 4.—A somewhat extraordinary statement reached me the other day from a quarter generally to be relied upon. My informant, an officer of high rank, mentioned that in the event of war the chief command of the combined Austrian and German armies would nominally devolve upon the Emperor of Austria, but that the general staff, under whose direction the operations would have to be carried out, would be composed principally of German staff officers under the command of the great Molike himself. This arrangement is alleged to have been devised with a view to avoid disjointed action and petry quarrels about precedence and etiquetts which might likely ensue if the German great geneval staff were to usurp the command of the Austrians too—without sugaring the pill.

Molike's plans for a campaign with Russia were laid before a council of war a few days ago. At first, I am told, everybody was startled at the boldness of the "schedule," and opinions were whispered to the effect that old Molike had taken leave of his senses, but, after minute investigation of every wonderful detail, they quickly had to acknowledge their shorrisghtediness, I have not been also to get at the exact wording of this interesting accument, but I quickly had to acknowledge their shortelghted-ness. I have not been shie to not at the exact wording of this interesting occument, but I understand that a flying corps, gigantic in pro-portions, and composed entirely of cavalry and horse artillery, will cross the flussian frontier the moment war has been declared, break through the widely spread corps of the enemy, and operate at his back until the body of the army has had time to come up.

BEHIND THE SNOW PLOUGH

CUTTING THROUGH DRIFTS ON THE GREAT WESTERN PRAIRIES.

Thrilling Experiences While Fighting the Snow Brifts in the Home of the Bitzard -Stories of Dare-devil Engineers.

"It is not every engineer that can run a snow plough," said a locomotive engineer the other day. "You can take the best runner on the road and put him on a snow plough and very likely he would resign his job in an hour if he could, just because he is not fitted for the place. Nowadays snow ploughs are different from what they were back in the sixtles. I was then on the St. Paul road, and they turned a snow plough out of the shop and put me aboard. The en-gine was a wood burner with a big stack, and the snow plough excited the admiration of everybody that saw it. It was made of riveted boller plates, and reached about two feet over the top of the stack. It was V-shaped in front and was bolted to the pilot and the man-head of the boiler. It did fairly good work, and was so much more effective than the former ones that it became noted. A snow plough nowadays will do more work in one hour than I could do with the old Fearless in a day.

"The last snow plough that I ran was the

new Storm King on the Northera Pacific. It was made of wood with a steel shoe and outwater, or out-snow as we called it. Instead of being attached to the engine, it was built on a car and pulled behind: the engine. Tolis car was warm, had a stove, and was piled half full of pig iron to hold it down.

"To give you some idea of the work a snow plough has to do, you will suppose that a blizzard has been entirely suspended. At last the wind stops blowing, for three days, and traffic has been entirely suspended. At last the wind stops blowing. The morning is clear and cold—oh, so cold! The snow plough is ordered out. Gangs of men are at work shoveling of the turn-table and clearing the yard. You man into the cab of your engine, and the cold of the cold of your engine, and the cold of your one of the yard. You man into the cab of your engine, and the year of the year of the year of your one of your don't mind it because you are dreased for it used in 18 years. The your are dreased for it used in 18 years to weigh 300.

"Now we are ready to start. Slowly we move out of the round house to the main track, where we couple on a car filled with provisions and snow shovellers. In the town we find everything clear, but the minute we get beyond habitations, which doesn't take long up in Minnesota and Dakota, our work begins.

"The sun looks like a frozen ball of butter in the air, and on each side is seen the sun dogs, that invariably show up, on such cold mornings. They are very beautiful, with their rainbow colors, but we hate to see them all the same, for they foretell a continuance of the cold weather. The rays of the sun emit no warmth, and the air is full of little needle-like particles of frost. The curtain of our cab is let down and tightly buttoned. Our windows are battened, and we are comparatively warm. The side windows are immediately covered with frost from our breath and the steam, but the fireman keeps the from windows clear. Hardess of the particles of frost. The curtain of our cabic cold weather. The rays of

time you have been bucking snow for a week it gets monotonous. Some very laughable things happen, too. One time west of Bird Island, Minn., we stuck in a cut, and the men got out to shovel. One of them, a good-natured, red-headed Irishman, was in front and was shovelling for dear life to keep his blood in circulation. He had just cut out a huge block of snow as big as two barrels when he was startled with a b-a-ai.

"A sheep had taken refuge in the

A sheep nad taken foluge in the cut and had got snowed in. Shure, said Tom. I thought it was the divil.

It is a common thing for cattle to take refull the sound of the control of the cattle atter my engine had jumped the track from striking the frozen body of one of them. You can bet the boys had steak in the car that day.

"There is a man that I think takes the cake as a snow-plough sngineer. I don't know whether he is alive or not now, for I haven't seen or heard of him since 1877. That was Andy Steele of the Marquette, Houghton and Ontonagon and was the northern peninsula of Michigan. And was the northern peninsula of Michigan. The control of the control

nomically, to keep the passengers warm had have seen it so cold that a berson would almost reaso and stand right over a car stove. The coldest place for a train to be snowed in at is between Mandan, Dak, and the Bad Lands, just east of the Little Missouri. This country is a bleak, arid waste, with not a tree in sight for a hundred miles, and nothing to break the wind, which comes from the Arctic Ocean.